(Vinegar) 52

LUNARDI'S FLIGHT:

OR,

Tuesday's Wonder.

To which are added,

A New Song on TOBACCO.

Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

The SODGER'S RETURN.

A NEW LOVE SONG.

The POWER of BEAUTY.

Entered according to Order.

LUNARDI'S FLIGHT.

ALL may fly, but I'll keep my ſtation,
By Jove 'tis a droll emigration,
How pleaſant to travel all day,
No turn-pikes nor poſt boys to pay.

Perhaps they are going to ſee,
If above they're as cunning as we,
And if to the ſkies they can go,
They'll have but bad cuſtom below.

Lunardi has been to the Moon,
In a boat drawn by a Balloon,
By Jove it is an excellent trick,
Now no one need to care for Old Nick.

If theſe play'rs ſhould chance to break,
What I commonly call their neck,
As for me I confeſs I'm more humble,
And fears from Olympus to tumble.

I am like the French Chevalier,
Thinks it ſafeſt and beſt to ſtay here,
Firſt his pockets be fill'd I believe,
Then politely he took a French leave.

Now another is going to try
To find out a method to fly;
Well equip'd with a large pair of wings,
Odd vertical comical things.

And when to the ſkies he embarks,
Should he fail the wiſe may catch larks,
This flight will be curious to ſee,
But no Balloon expiditions for me.

Now the Ladies are going to fly,
With their Jupiter's up to the ſky,
It is the propereſt place for amours,
For there's no occaſion for bolting of doors.

Why then to the ſkies let him go,
I'd rather ſtay here and cabbage cloth below,
And while I'm working in my ſtall,
Should I not riſe I'm ſure I can't fall.

On Teuſday Lunardi ſet ſail,
Well furniſh'd with wings and a tail,
At laſt he drop'd into the ſea,
No breaſt-water-voyage for me.

Chin-deep in the water he ſat,
Looking juſt like a half drowned rat;
But when taken up by the boat,
Away went Balloon and his coat.

Lunardi amazed did ſtare,
When his coach was borne by the air,
But the air no ſpleen to him bore,
For he ſince brought it ſafe to ſhore.

And now being got dry and ſnug,
Faith with reaſon himſelf he may hug,
Of a plentiful board he partakes,
And in raptures cries ſweet land of cakes.

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A New Song on TOBACCO, called OH HON, O RIE.

Tune—Whirry Whigs awa' Man.

OH hon, O rie, oh hon, O rie,
for my poor mouth and noſe ma'
As Tobacco now we'll no more pri',
ſince Yankie's turn'd our foes man,

For puffing Meg has broke her pipe,
and Wat has burnt his ſpleuchan,
Our Kate ſhot in her ſneeſhing mill,
laſt night to boil our brochan.

A wae be to thoſe plotting heads
hatch'd in the land of Roſes,
Who ſent ſtarvation to our teeth,
and famine to our noſes.

From week to week, the price they eek,
and now its three times double,
We'll be no more friends by the noſe,
and to part a chow they ſcruple.

Oh hon, O rie! oh hon, O rie!
for my poor Katy's noſe, man;
As now ſhe'll neither eat nor drink,
nor yet herſelf compoſe man.

Poor Wat the weaver has loſt his wits,
by chewing broom and fern,
His crazy head's fall'n through his web,
and broken a' his yarn.

Oh hon, O rie! oh hon, O rie!
cries puffing Meg in paſſion,
For I have ſmoak'd cow-dung this day,
to keep my pipe in faſhion.

And a wae betide that Wilkite crew,
who ſow'd this curs'd ſedition;
And puff'd the Yankie's to this pitch,
to keep awa' our ſneeſhin.

Oh hon, O rie! Oh hon, O rie!
we're witch'd, or it's inchanted,
Some ſay that Nick has piver'd on't,
for not a noſe can want it.

Tobacco and Tea, who us'd to pri',
a child to ſpean is nothing;
But it's hard to ſpean an old man's noſe,
for it can ſup nae brochan.
Oh hon, O rie! Oh hon, O rie!
there is no way to mend it,
But to ſubdue the Yankie's now,
or 'gree with them to ſend it.

Black be their lot, who hatch'd the plot,
theſe powder'd Pows in ſtation;
They're hidden foes to King and Court,
who caus'd this tribulation.
Oh hon, O rie! oh hon, O rie!
I have other news to tell ye;
They are hatching ſtill, a Corn Bill,
with black hunger to kill ye.

Says, bread and broſe are plenty grown,
this ſcheme they chooſe to crub us,
Or make us Yankie-like, rebel,
and then as rebels drub us.
Oh hon, O rie! oh hon, O rie,
they play their cards ſo ſlylie,
This is a hitch of Jack the witch,
who of liberty ſo tell'd ye.

Of bread and broſe, ſnuff to your noſe,
of all we'll be depriv'd,
If Squintum's crew, get leave to do,
what they have now contriv'd,

SEEK THE RIDDLE IN THE SKIES.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
is not given to us to know;
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'tis madneſs all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
why ſhould I uneaſy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
deaf to Mizella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why,
ſeek the riddle in the ſkies.

THE SODGER'S RETURN.

Tune—Puſh about the Joram.

THE tither morn, when I, forlorn,
aneath an aik ſat moaning,
I did na trow, I'd ſee my jo,
aſide me 'gain the glowming.

But he fu' trig lap o'er the rig,
and dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck! did leaſt expect
to ſee my Laddie near me.

His bonnet he, a thought a-jee,
cock'd ſpruſh when firſt he claſp'd me,
And I, I wat, wi' fainneſs grat,
while in his grips he preſs'd me!

De'il tak the war! I late and air
have wiſh'd ſince Jock departed;
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
as ſhortſyne broken hearted!

Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
when a' were blyth and merry,
I cat'dna' by, ſae ſad was I,
in abſence of my deary.

But praiſe be bleſt! my mind's at reſt,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny!
At kirk and fair, I'ſe ay be there,
and be as canty's ony.

A NEW LOVE SONG.

Tune—Johnny's Grey Breeks.

WHEN I was ag'd about fifteen,
my beauty then was blooming,
About that time I little thought,
at eighteen to be mourning:
But, I was fond of company,
and gave young men much freedom,
To kiſs and clap me in the dark,
alas! I did not dread them.

But if I had what I had once,
my maiden-head a keeping,
At greater diſtance I would ſtand,
from young men in the ev'ning,
For it was then I was deceiv'd,
when a' my friends were ſleeping;
What I did then I may lament,
I've got a child a-keeping.

O Virgins all, take my advice,
juſt when your beauty's blooming,
Take care with whom you ſpend your time,
when other folks are ſleeping:
Though nought but pleaſure you expect,
and kiſſes ſweet at meeting,
Take care that you be not deceiv'd,
and get a child a-keeping.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

FY, raſh ſwain! nor fondly traces,
The ſmiling ſnares, the treach'rous graces,
That lurk in yonder fair:
Dread not the arts of beauty's queen,
Who thence extends her wanton reign,
And ſharpens human care.

Her flame which waſtes the ſoul away,
She lights at that ſtrong piercing ray,
Which beams from thoſe bright eyes,
Love on that lip contrives his guile,
Thence pointed with a dimpled ſmile,
His dart unerring flies.

Truſt not that clear pellucid bloom,
The lively tints from Venus come;
From Venus none eſcape:
She form'd thoſe ringlets to enſnare,
She gave her own bewitching air,
Her own inchanting ſhape.

The laughing queen, to form that voice,
Thro' all the powers of muſick flies,
And ſteals their ſweeteſt charms;
Does ſhe in vain theſe arts diſplay?
Ah no! ſhe aims at boundleſs ſway,
And rules with Peggy's arms.

Bleſt be the rule ſince Peggy's tongue,
But ſpeaks her ſoul as ſweet as ſtrong,
As aptly form'd to pleaſe:
Ah, Damon! dread no wily ſnare,
In Peggy's boſom all is fair,
All innocence and eaſe.

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